

FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1917

Reedy's

MAY 1917
UNIV. OF MICH.
LIBRARY

MIRROR



PRICE TEN CENTS
THREE DOLLARS THE YEAR



Budweiser

Its appealing excellence is the result of the master-touch in brewing science applied to the finest, most vigorous and healthful cereals and hops.



Bottled at the Brewery

ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS

31

BASEBALL SPORTSMAN'S PARK

BROWNS vs. PHILADELPHIA, May 10, 11, 12, 13
BROWNS vs. NEW YORK, May 14, 15, 16, 17

GAME STARTS AT 3:30

Tickets on sale at Johnson-Enderle-Pauley Drug Co., Grand Ave. and Olive St., and Grand-Leader.

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED
on cash and royalty basis. Patents secured. Models, experimental work and contract manufacturing. Inventors, manufacturers, investors and promoters are invited to call and examine our model display. Or write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., Desk R. M., 2048-49-49a Railway Exchange, St. Louis, Mo. Phone, Olive 4236.

Evens & Howard
FIRE BRICK COMPANY
Manufacturers of
High-Grade Fire Brick and Sewer Pipe
Yards for City Delivery:
920 Market St. Saint Louis

SANITOL

TOOTH
POWDER OR PASTE

Conserves the health of teeth and gums. Aids in preventing receding gums and Pyorrhoea.

It's White Because It's Pure
Highest Award—Panama-Pacific Exposition

Your Catalog

Here, in an establishment where every piece of printing must be perfect in its craftsmanship—

you also may put the selling "make-up" of your catalog into the hands of men who know how to make each cut, make every word, exert its strongest "pull" for business.

Ask us about ways to make your next catalog a still bigger profit-payer.

BRITT

Printing & Publishing Co.
Creative Advertising Service

Walnut-Ninth

ST. LOUIS.

STANDARD REAL BURLESQUE

MATINEE DAILY

FOLLIES OF PLEASURE

COLUMBIA

Orpheum Vaudeville

2:15—Daily—8:15

Will M.

Blanche

CRESSY & DAYNE

In Mr. Cressy's Newest Play
"A CITY CASE"

TOBY CLAUDE & WILLIAM SMYTH CO.
BEN RYAN AND HARRIETTE LEE.
HAYWARD-STAFFORD CO.
LIBONATI.
BOOTHBY & EVERDEAN
BLACK AND WHITE
RICE
ELMER & TOM
ORPHEUM WEEKLY
Mats. 10c to 50c. Eves. 10c to 75c.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE 10c-20c

Starting Monday May 14 and week

The College Girl Frolics, a flirtation in two appointments, introducing Arthur West, Evelyn Bennett, and a Ziegfeldian beauty chorus. The Twelve Speed Mechanics. Morgan and Gray, presenting a playlet, entitled, "Every Day in the Year." Harry Hines, in "The 58th Variety." Willson and Sherwood, in a musical melange. Mildred Hayward, vaudeville's tomboy. Green and Pugh, two boys from Dixie. Pat and Peggy Poulton, comedy songs and talk. Animated Weekly and Comedy Pictures.

FOREST PARK HIGHLANDS "The Big Place on the Hill"

NOW OPEN—BIG TIME VAUDEVILLE

Afternoon and Evening Concerts by Prof. Lempke's Marine Band.
Popular Priced Restaurant and Cafe.
Giant Captive Balloon. Mountain Ride. Racer Dips.
The Summer Amusement Center of St. Louis.
Open Every Afternoon and Evening.

REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXVI. No. 19

ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1917

PRICE TEN CENTS

REEDY'S MIRROR

SYNDICATE TRUST BUILDING.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, Central 745.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," Reedy's Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

Terms of subscription to Reedy's Mirror, including postage in the United States and Mexico, \$3.00 per year; \$1.60 for six months; in Canada, Central and South America, \$3.50 per year; \$2.10 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries \$4.00 per year.

Single copies, 10 cents.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order or Registered Letter, payable to Reedy's Mirror, St. Louis.

FOR SALE IN EUROPE AT

London Anglo-American Exchange
3 Northumberland Ave.
Munich Zeitungs Pavillon am Karlplatz
Florence B. Seiber, 20 via Thurnabuoni
Venice Zanco, Ascensione
Monte Carlo Veuve Sinet Kloske
Paris Brentano's, 27 Ave. de l'Opera
Rome G. Barberini, Hotel Regina
Donald Downie, 1 Rue Scribe
Naples E. Prass, 50 Piazza del Martiri
Valetti Giuseppe, R. R. Station
Genoa Librerie Riunite
Bologna Malluchio Alberto, R. R. Station

The following European Hotels keep a complete file of Reedy's Mirror in their reading rooms:

London	Cecil	Paris	Grand
Innsbruck	Tirol	Naples	Grand
Genoa	De la Ville	Venice	Brittania
Florence	Grand	Rome	Regina
Monte Carlo	Grand	Vienna	Quirinal
Munich			Bristol
			Bayerischer Hof

WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

CONTENTS

WAR TIME ASPECTS: Awakening to the Struggle—The Task Before Us—Regulating Services—The Great Synthesis—The New Internationalism—Long on the War. By William Marion Reedy.....	305
REFLECTIONS: Mr. Root and Mr. Francis—The Philosophy of Advertising—Ignoring the Obvious—Kipling's Song of Hate—Making Citizens in the Shop. By William Marion Reedy.....	307
FREE TRADE AND PEACE: By Laurie J. Quinby.....	309
THE BOOK OF THE PEONY: By Chester H. Krum.....	309
THE PROFESSORS COMING IN: By Alex Mackendrick.....	310
THE MEETING: By Charles Louis Philippe.....	310
MAKERS OF THE FLAG: By Franklin K. Lane.....	311
THE OLD BOOKMAN: Confessions of Learned Ignorance. By Horace Flack.....	311
"WAY FOR MR. ATKINS:" By Kendall Harrison.....	311
LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE: Alton-on-Parnassus—"Herr Schmidt's Thesis"—A Bas the Demon Rum—The Secret of Art—From the Prize Winner—An Agony in Art.....	312
AT THE THEATERS.....	315
MARKS AND MONEY.....	315
NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.....	317

War Time Aspects

By William Marion Reedy

Awaking to the Struggle

ONE gathers from the daily newspapers a most confused impression of the war as this country is related to that colossal upheaval. Every mind makes the attempt to "see it steadily and see it whole," but that is impossible. For nearly three years we have been more or less successfully endeavoring upon the advice of the president to view the war with a certain detachment. We were advised to be neutral in word and thought. We were to take the attitude of being too proud to fight. We were invited to hope for a peace without victory. And now we are in the war in festinate preparation of myriad forms and nation-wide scope. Minute details of relationship between the Entente Allies, to which before we paid little attention, now have the keenest interest for us. We are just beginning to understand things about the war that were of negligible importance not so long ago. There is a welter of advice and suggestion about our making ready, serious, sensational, frivolous, that must be allowed to precipitate its valuable components before we can know exactly how each of us is to "do his bit" in the vast business. With the president's formulation of the objects for which we enter the conflict there is unanimous agreement. The idealistic note of that utterance has given to the general attitude towards the war a quality of exaltation. At the same time we are learning what a serious matter the war is. The members of the British and French missions have succeeded in convincing us that the breaking of the armed forces of autocracy is to be no easy task. At first many of us thought that our part in the effort to sustain and expand the democratic forces of the world was to be confined to support of the credit of the Entente. Now we know that we must not only furnish money, but we must provide food and ships to transport the food, and must devise a means of annihilating the submarines that menace the food supply. More than that, we know that France is almost bled white by her glorious stand against the invader, that Great Britain has almost reached the limit of her man-power, that American troops under the American flag are needed on the western front in Europe and must be there as soon as possible. It seems to me that the thought that France is in danger of exhaustion has done more than anything else to stimulate our enthusiasm for the war. This country loves France with a fervor that proves again that all intelligent men have two countries—their own and France. The British mission, by itself, might have been a tepid semi-success, but to Papa Joffre and the orator and statesman Viviani the American people have given their whole heart of heart. For France stands for liberty and joy and the arts of life and splendid courage and uncomplaining devotion, and Belgium is her brutally deflowered little sister. The appeal of France for aid has awakened all our chivalry, for somehow she concretes for us our ideal of democracy. We are colder to Great Britain though not indifferent, for in her way Great Britain represents much that is of the very essence of our best beloved institutions. Towards Russia we have experienced a sudden change of heart since her democratic revolution. We conceive of Russia as having, so to speak, Americanized herself when she cast out the Romanoffs. So that there has come into our originally somewhat abstract, academic determination to join those nations a per-

sonal, affectionate quality that gives keenness to our appreciation of the sublime adventure in which we have become involved. There is no denying that our emotions are now more dominantly enlisted in the war than they were when the president made his war address to the congress with its fine touch of Martin Luther at the end. To that supremely solemn expression our heads responded first, but now our hearts have been touched to its deeper issues and the war is sanctified by our new realization of brotherhood with those peoples that have disputed the dominion of the most definite atheism which proclaims the state as God. In this particular the people of the United States do now envisage the war. They have found in what erstwhile they regarded as mere madness a meaning. They hate war no less than they did, but they love democracy more. For Peace we leave the walks of peace, for Love we leave Love's haunted bower.

✧

The Task Before Us

But the situation is not so simple as it seems in generalized statement. We are just beginning to realize the importance of the war to ourselves. Chauvinists there were a few weeks since who thought that once the United States went in the war would be all over. That was and is a delusion. When to the consideration of the desperate plight of France, we add the thought of the precarious state of affairs in Russia, where the people, untrained in self-control, may possibly bring about a separate peace based upon quietist abstractions, where the revolution has probably disorganized the morale of the armies, and then reflect that there is doubt as to the unfaltering constancy of Italy in the event of concessions forced from Austria-Hungary by Germany, while the far-famed Japanese religion of loyalty is suspect of limitation to Japanese interest in that free hand in the east which Great Britain will not grant, it will be evident to anyone that so far from the war's being near its end it may be so lengthened that this country shall have to bear the brunt of the fighting. It is not mere captious criticism of British blundering to suggest that the amorphous inchoate character of the government and the failure alike of British strategy and tactics thus far at crises implies a larger incidence of responsibility on the United States in the prosecution of the conflict to a successful conclusion. If France is at last gasp and Great Britain strangling in the grasp of the cordon of German submarines—and those are facts there is no disputing now—and if notwithstanding fair professions we are in imminent danger of attack from Mexico, it is not evidence of panic to declare that this country must prepare for the war as if it were assured that it will have to fight the good fight for democracy alone. This country, therefore, cannot take a subordinate part in the war. It cannot play second to Great Britain. It has clarified the purposes of the great struggle, given them definition, and it engages in the strife not to take orders from our allies but to save them. The war becomes in this sense our war, and he is an obtuse observer who cannot discern in the outgivings from London, Paris and Petrograd an admission of that fact. We must furnish money, food, ships, a means of checking the submarines, a naval force and an army. We have come in, in the nick of time, if Teutonic autocracy is to be destroyed. So then there is no ground for saying that our participation is marked by hysteria, however hysterical may be some of the manifestations of our concern for the outcome. It

were folly for us to underestimate either the determination or the resources of the Teutonic empires.



Regulating Services

When we read the daily papers and note the multitudinous and frequently fantastic proposals of preparation we may be inclined to give assent to the charge of hysteria. But because a lot of people who are going in for agriculture, knowing nothing about it, are going to waste time and energy, we must not believe that the urge towards increasing food production is a mistaken one. Because a lot of people are starting movements for economy and co-operation of effort that can result in nothing but publicity for the promoters and obstruction rather than facilitation of co-ordination of the country's power, we must not believe that there is not great need of efficiently organized effort for production and conservation. Economy wrongly practiced would be an evil. It could very well result in a paralysis of trade. On the other hand, "business as usual" may be carried to such a point that the nation's resources may be dissipated in the production and distribution of luxuries. What the country needs is a force qualified to regulate patriotic endeavor in all lines and direct it to well-considered ends. Fool proposals and movements must be discouraged and even suppressed. There are people who have learned from British and French experience exactly what is needed in the way of organization back of an army and a navy. They can tell where and how waste can be avoided, where and how excess motion can be taken up and properly applied. The very unhysterical head of our Department of Agriculture and the exceedingly well-poised head of the Department of the Interior may be depended upon to look after the business of reducing foolish proposals in domestic economy to a minimum. There must be a certain amount of selective conscription of energy and ability for other than fighting purposes. To be sure, we must raise more wheat, and, of course, we will raise more corn, but the people who must do that are the people who know how to do it. Amateur farmers will contribute little to that end. And in particular the activities of the women must be held in restraint until we determine from the experience of Great Britain and France in what fields of effort the women of those countries have proved most valuable. In particular they should not be encouraged in a form of economy that will mean bankruptcy to the grocer, the butcher, the small shopkeepers and the large storekeepers of all kinds. Save on the most thoroughly demonstrated grounds of necessity we should not consider the annihilation of any industry—even brewing or distilling. The papers tell us of all sorts of proposals to conserve foodstuffs for our European allies and ourselves, proposals without official sanction. Many of them are in conflict, many of them would be of evil rather than good effect in their outworking. They must be discountenanced. The government must decide upon a definite policy in this regard. All the movements under individual initiative and through organizations should be subjected to official scrutiny and regulation. We must not go crazy to the extent, for example, of suspending the child labor laws. We must not let the children be taken from school to be put to work in factories to make war supplies. We must not suspend all the laws with relation to working hours for women or for men either. The factory laws must stand and under plea of necessity contracts with labor unions must not be abrogated. We must conserve the workers and the home. On all these points England has much to tell us of the evil of thoughtless mobilization of industry. We have the machinery for the governance of all this in the Council of National Defense, with a sub-committee on Women's Defense Work under the chairmanship of Dr. Anna Howard Shaw. These organizations can and should put the soft-pedal on the ineffective proposals of women volunteers and can and should do a little selective con-

scripting among women. They can and should squeeze a lot of so-called society "work;" at least they can tell the society workers what kind of work is most needed. How extensive this society volunteering is among women can be judged by reading the society pages of the papers. It makes women ridiculous. But there is a great deal of valuable work being done by women and it would be made more valuable by capable official direction. In France, women as well as men are enrolled for voluntary service, and if they don't enroll voluntarily the government enrolls them. The women are not permitted to plump for agriculture or factory work altogether at their own sweet will. And there it has been found, as it will be here, that most women can be most useful in works that call for the special forms of ability that are most useful in the home. The women's clubs of the country can do much to help organize woman industry on rational lines. Of course, there is much fool work proposed by organizations of males, too. There is much collecting of money for ends more or less wild-eyed. The government should look into all such propositions and approve or disapprove as the case may be. Then there would be a greater willingness than there is now to subscribe to various war-causes. We all want to help. Confronted by so many claims upon us by people well-meaning enough but of chaotic ideas, we know not where or when to give. The government should tell us what works are worthy of support.



The Great Synthesis

I wonder if the great majority of people realize what is implicit in all this activity as to conservation of resources. They might guess it from the announcement that Mr. Hoover is to be made Food Controller of the World. The title is a bit hyperbolic and yet it has connotations of actual truth. For the conservation is a world-problem. The world's food supply is short. The world's supply of everything is short. Why? Because about 30,000,000 men are withdrawn from production to the work of destruction. Last year's crops were bad almost all over the world and where there were good crops the production could not be mobilized. Sea commerce is paralyzed. Not only do the European allies of the United States need food, they need locomotives, freight cars, steel of all kinds, copper, coal, things numberless that are necessities. The result is that there is a world-wide stock-taking. It recalls that booklet of three or four years ago, with an introduction by Gilbert Murray, called "The Great Analysis" (Scribner's). The writer supposed a large slice of England carried off into space by the impact of a comet. Something like Jules Verne's "Journey to the Sun." What did the people of the new planetoid do first? They took stock of their resources, and then, having analyzed what they had to go on, they made a synthesis. They conserved their resources. They portioned them out among all the people through rules and regulations formulated by a sort of committee of public safety. They produced most of what they most needed and they made sure that nobody had an excess of anything of which other people had not enough. The world has been hit by something almost as bad as a solid comet—by Kaiserism, with something of the result imagined in the little book, and the world must meet the situation in the same way for quite a while, not only as regards food but as regards other things. We have got to send men over to Russia to show the Russians how to develop their resources and organize their industries. Likewise we have to establish relations political with that country to insure a better understanding co-operation with our industries and our government. We must make Great Britain understand that she cannot allow her landlords to hold as game preserves land that can be used for agriculture. We have got to force our own idle land into use. Not only they, but we, have got to put the government into various kinds of business,

to stimulate some, to discourage others not beneficial. In all the nations allied with us, there must be centralized control of railroads and mines and many kinds of factories. There must be maximum and minimum price regulation, wage regulation, too. Civilization must be kept going by an authority bestowed by the many on the few for the greatest good of the greatest number. To a degree there must be limitation of fortunes, by restriction of profits, by taxes, by a form of confiscation. Crown lands will be "devoluted" to the people. Privilege will be restricted. The idler will be abolished. Luxuries will be banned. The world outside of the Teutonic empires will be a socialistic world. This is not democracy as we have understood it, but we must go to a socialism of rather drastic scope in order to save anything for democracy to work on after the war. The draft is not strictly democratic either, but it is a compromise dictated by common sense. The war has drawn the world outside of Germany closer together and after the war Germany will have to come into the combination because there will be no place else to go. She will come somewhat groggy perhaps, but she will come with an experience of socialization that has made her terrible and that has taught the rest of the world how to fight her and—D. V.—defeat her. The extent to which the alliance against Germany has rendered socialistic co-operation necessary can be imagined from the few high points enumerated here. Great Britain and France have sent commissions here to perfect such co-operation not only military and naval, but civil. Italy is sending a commission. Japan will send one to find out why she was not invited in the first place. Latin-American nations are sending commissions. The world is focussing upon the United States for the beginnings of a league of nations united to wage war as the preliminary to a league of peace. There is to be a pooling of resources, a division of those resources and a partition of energies to the end of destroying *Kultur* and Kaiserism. The people of the earth against Meinsel und Gott! The nations will be nearer together than ever and each will know more of what the others contribute to the world's stock in trade. They will not parcel out the earth among themselves. They will or they should devise a *modus vivendi* whereby trade shall be free throughout the world and the undeveloped regions put under an international protectorate, the end of which will not be, let us hope, that of the Anglo-French protectorate of Egypt. Germany will not be barred, she will simply be forced to conceive of trade as a thing to be prosecuted otherwise than at the cannon's mouth. And all nations will go into foreign trade as nations, selling to outsiders at cost of production but leaving domestic trade to the operation of profiteering intensely modified by regulation somewhat as Mr. Nicholas A. Doyle prophesied in the *MIRROR* two weeks since in his most interesting "Herr Schmidt's Thesis."



The New Internationalism

Out of the eater, war, will come forth meat. We are lending money to Great Britain, France, Russia, Italy, Belgium. It is not difficult to foresee that we shall be lending money to some of the Latin-American countries that shall join with us against Germany. Those loans will give us an interest in the development and the management of all those nations. We are doing for them what we refused to do for Mexico when Carranza asked us to do it. If we had done that for Mexico we would have better assurance now of the sincerity of Mexican professions towards us. We give all those nations a credit with us. We are interested in getting the money back—except perhaps from Belgium and France. We shall have to give them more credit after the war. They will need help to rehabilitate their industries after they have saved their lives as nations. We are taking a chance on their not repaying us, but the chance is minimized on the security we require. That security is the establishment of democracy, the

rule of the people everywhere. The people are not repudiationists. And we must remember that the marvels of destruction we have seen in the war cannot equal marvels in reconstruction after the war. The world will simply reverse war engineering and the production of wealth will proceed at a pace as prodigious as that of destruction. Many, if not all the inventions of war can be turned somehow to the uses of peace. With the credit we have advanced, and the advances made by Great Britain, it stands to reason that this country and Great Britain will through their progressive citizens take part in the reconstruction of business. There will be a decided tendency in the countries aided to recognize that we have an interest in their domestic concerns. There must be not only economic and productive but political co-operation of the most intimate kind. With ends similar if not identical, there must be a synchronism and synthesis of means. The nations now pooling their resources for war will not wholly withdraw from the pool at the end of the war. The co-operation will lap over into peace. What all agreed to for the common good will be found good for each. International organization will not collapse into chaos. Not that the millennium will be here, for any sensible man knows that there is no little danger of war in a peace—especially in a peace that is not smashingly attained. But peace is more prolongedly possible as a result of the presently shaping international co-operation than it is under any other conceivable influence or arrangement. In this view of the trend of events I cannot understand why the rampant radicals of the world are still howling against the war. There is not a sane radical programme of record that is not being furthered by the present phase of the war—pacifism, socialism, single tax, woman suffrage, libertarianism and anti-privilegism generally. Primarily the drive to democracy is the thing. And if you want to know that democracy has teeth, all you have to do is to read the mad ravings against it in the world's chief organ of aristocracy and privilege, the London *Saturday Review*. No German Junker is more scornful and contemptuous of the idealism of President Wilson's call to this nation to fight for democracy. Great Britain will stand a lot of democratization before she is truly democratic and about the first thing she will be called upon to do will be to grant autonomous government to Ireland as she has granted it to Canada, Australia and South Africa. She will have to make good on her profession of a sense of justice for the small nations. The United States has delicately but firmly hinted that England must do something for Ireland. The United States will have something to say to Russia as well about matters as peculiarly Russia's as Ireland is supposed to be England's. Is there danger in this internationalism bottomed on finance? There is danger in everything. But it is the United States that is lending the money to those other nations and not banking syndicates. The people rule in the United States and they can regulate any tendencies in the new internationalism that may be inimical to the best interests of the beginning universal brotherhood.

❖

Long on the War

In fine, I am ethically and spiritually a bull on this war. All the eternal values will appreciate. There may be slumps but the idealism, yes, and the conservatism of democracy universalized will protect the market against a smash. The war will homogenize this country and the world; not altogether and immediately, but comparatively, soon. It will disinfect trade of its similitude to war. It will free the world of militarism and it will free Germany of the Hohenzollerns and Austria-Hungary of the Hapsburgs and Great Britain of the Wettins. It will free the seas and the land, for the land will be needed to re-establish industry. It will establish a harmony between efficiency and democracy. The common man will have more to say in shaping the destiny of the world, and woman an equal say with him, everywhere, and even so as by fire and sword

shall come measurably to pass the fulfillment of the prayer that God's will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven, by His children at peace with one another.

❖❖❖

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Mr. Root and Mr. Francis

THAT Mr. Elihu Root is hardly a typical democrat for this country to send to Russia to establish the proper relations with the new government is not contended in any quarter, but this country is not all as radical as Mr. Root is the opposite and perhaps it is just as well that the element of American life which Mr. Root brilliantly represents should have recognition on the commission. That Mr. Root is an able man will not be denied anywhere and that he has any sympathy whatever with the government which the Russians have overthrown is utterly absurd. Perhaps it is just as well that there should be a man on the commission who stands for just those limitations upon pure democracy which are championed by the distinguished ex-senator and ex-secretary of state. The new forces in Russia are likely to take literally the democratic doctrine always preached and almost never practiced in this country and they may be moved to go directly to the endeavor to realize in government the theories of Rousseau or of Tolstoy. It is certain that a Tolstoyan Russia just now would be a grave danger to the world if it adopted the policy of non-resistance towards Germany. Mr. Root would surely be a valuable member of the commission in his ability to demonstrate to the Russians at present in charge of the government the unwisdom of going at one leap from autocracy to simple communism. It may be said indeed that while we may not think much of the democracy of Mr. Root in this country, he is even in his strongest reactionism a tremendous democrat as compared with the forces which are still trying to render the revolution abortive. The commission is probably more in need of steadying for practical political purposes, than of stimulation. Mr. Root will be a steadying influence. He is a man accustomed to important affairs, a man of deep sagacity and probably his best usefulness would be in his influence upon his American associates on the commission. Upon this we may rely; that he will understand thoroughly the purposes for which the commission is to be sent and that he will not be deficient in the devising of means for the accomplishment of that purpose. Whatever his limitations from a radical point of view, he is a statesman of such stature that he has few equals and fewer superiors. To my way of thinking we do not actually need a commission at Petrograd, save as a matter of formal punctilio to impress the rather wobbly government and people of the sympathy and support of the United States for the revolution. We have at Petrograd in Ambassador Francis a man of no small mental measure. He is a skilled negotiator and effective in the presentation of his and his country's views. There is not an abler, more thoroughly equipped ambassador of the United States in the whole roster of our plenipotentiaries. He is no novice in public affairs. He administered a great city, a great state and a great department of the national government. He has dealt with kings and emperors and presidents, with legislatures and with the congress. He is neither ignorant nor inexperienced in the details of representative government and he understands popular politics, too. That he knows his business was shown in the promptness with which he called upon the head of the Russian government after the revolution and recommended to the home government the recognition of the new regime. It is not difficult either to discern that Ambassador Francis has been of assistance to men like Lvoff and Miloukof and Rodzianko in the bringing of order out of chaos. The disturbances against the

provisional government were met with declarations of purpose that had a distinctively American flavor. In the hands of no man could the interests of our democracy in the confused Russian situation be more safely trusted than in the hands of David Rowland Francis, of St. Louis, Missouri, in career and general mental tone as thoroughgoing an American as there is on earth, howsoever unsympathetic to the advanced radicals. I venture to say that when the American commission arrives in Petrograd, it will find the situation in every way so far as this country and its allies are concerned, kept well in hand by Mr. Francis. He is not rattled nor scared and he faced down an angry demonstration against himself by the anarchist or nihilist element in the capital, who said that the United States had executed labor leader Mooney in San Francisco. It was Ambassador Francis' cablegram that brought to light the facts suppressed or ignored by our daily papers that the man Mooney had been convicted on testimony plainly perjured of the bomb murder on the day of San Francisco's preparedness parade. We may send Mr. Root to Petrograd but we don't have to. The country is represented there now by a man supremely capable of expressing its principles and of effecting necessary co-operation between the United States and the new Russia. And Mr. Francis is a democrat from Kentucky by way of Missouri.

❖❖

The Philosophy of Advertising

GREAT preparations are making for the convention in this city next month of the Advertising Clubs of the World. It will be an important gathering, for the men who will compose it are all practical psychologists of remarkable acumen, the exponents of a science and art that is as yet in its infancy. For advertising is a necessity in a world more and more filled with a number of things among which the mind is distracted. That any good idea, service or invention may find its fullest usefulness it must be made known. Attention must be concentrated upon it. Advertising is simply the making known of the merits of things. There is nothing good in the world that advertising cannot help to better effectiveness. Political causes resort to it. Religion has taken it up. The government utilizes it to recruit its forces and sell its bonds. It is used to disseminate art and literature among the people. In campaigns and crusades against social and economic evils it has taken the place of oratory. Recently we have seen it brought into play both in favor of and in opposition to conscription, for and against prohibition. We have known advertising campaigns for and against other proposals of legislation. In the last presidential campaign it was a sensational feature of the canvass by the opposing political parties. We have witnessed the rise of the writing of advertising into the realm of literature, exemplifying logic, poesy, humor, philosophy. There has been a steady development of the application of pictorial art to advertising. Distinguished painters and illustrators have contributed their genius and skill to the beautification of the forms in which certain products and movements are enforced upon the popular consciousness. The advertising pages of the magazines are often more interesting than the literary pages and in the daily press there is as much news value in advertising as in the narration of the events of the day. The great public service corporations are beginning to use this enginery of publicity to counteract the works of agitators, presenting their case in attractive typographical lay-outs and in succinct phrases. So great an institution has this publicity become that it is beginning to eradicate the evils that developed in the days when it was somewhat undignified in its methods and regardless of anything but catching the public eye. Advertising men have discovered an ethic of advertising as well as an aesthetic. They have found that all the art in the world is powerless to help a product or a cause if it be not bottomed upon the truth. The cleverest advertising cannot force to success a worthless article. Brilliant mis-

representation defeats its own purpose. Repetition of a lie cannot make it the truth. The public mind or fancy can be focussed upon a thing, but the thing must justify itself in use, or advertising it is a waste of money. Practitioners of the art are growing more scrupulous. They have discovered that in the exercise of their function of publicizing anything they can be successful only in so far as they serve the good. So we find the advertising men making relentless war upon fake advertising, putting a bit in the mouth of lawless imagination that becomes but a rococo form of plain lying. Advertising is a form of high salesmanship. So it is that advertising must have character, even as a man must have it. Mr. Arthur Acheson tells us in a libelot entitled, "Trade Mark Advertising as an Investment" (The New York *Evening Post*, New York), that advertising has made certain trade-marks assets worth more to their owners than the tangible assets in buildings, machinery, stock on hand and real estate connected with them. Certain words and pictures which have become the symbols of certain articles are worth millions of dollars. He cites an instance of a clothing firm that put out such attractive advertising of very ordinary garments and got such a responsive demand, that it had to bring its clothing up in quality to the representations of its advertising. After expending \$100,000 for publicizing the output, the concern capitalized its good will at \$13,000,000 and successfully disposed of its stock on that basis. The good will was simply the trade-mark as a guarantee of quality. While no bad article can be advertised to success, many good ones fail because they are not properly advertised. There must be a man as well as the goods behind the advertising, and that man must have the gumption, the good taste, the analytical and synthetical capacity to get the desired effects from his work. There can hardly be any more rules and specifications for successful advertising than for any other manifestation of genius. There's a deal of something like the grace of God in it. Some men hit it off as if by direct inspiration, but most successful advertising has come into being by the old, painful route of trial and error. Mr. Acheson, who, by the way, is one of the best living authorities on Shakespeare, says that there is more to be learned by analyzing failures than by analyzing successes. He has found that there are no hard and fast rules but he has deduced some general principles that apply in the framing of successful campaigns, so that he can say that a formula for success can be evolved for advertising any meritorious article which pays sufficient profit and has enough yearly sale-possibility per family or person, to warrant the initial advertising investment. I have no wish to take the edge of curiosity off this excellent brochure by making a *precis* of its argument, and a most fascinating argument it is. Mr. Acheson knows his *Le Bon*. He applies the mass psychology of that writer to advertising: he would form belief by "affirmation, repetition, contagion." Think of all the trade-marks or brands you know and see if you do not know them as a result of affirmation and repetition, and then consider further and you will find that the thing affirmed and reiterated has taken the public mind as by a sort of contagion. The affirmation must be clear and simple—and truthful. In the manner of presentation it must be pleasing in suggestion. The people do not care for argument. They respond to repetitive, affirmative, pleasing suggestion and they ask for the brand of article that has been pleasingly suggested to them, when they need it, if indeed the suggestion does not create the sense of need. Mr. Acheson says time must be given in which the suggestion can get in its work. He disapproves violent acceleration of interest or sensational efforts to stampede folks into buying. His idea is that the article shall be so presented to the public that it shall impress the people almost subconsciously, so that they buy the article almost automatically. Mr. Acheson believes that facetiousness in advertising is always perilous; it is likely to kill respect. But over and above all, the advertiser

must have faith in his own work, and faith gives vision. Incidentally, Mr. Acheson has vision, for speaking of monopoly, he says that "competition may be eliminated and advertising dispensed with only in instances where the raw materials of an industry can be controlled," but something approximating a monopoly can be achieved upon the good will of the people created by trade-mark advertising. This little book is the best I have seen upon the subject of advertising, because it covers general principles and does not go into detail. It is elastic, not rigid. It gives a right start to thinking on the subject, presents the basic rationale of the matter in such a way as to enable anyone with brains enough to grasp its dynamics to work out its mere mechanics. Every man who advertises should absorb the substance of Mr. Acheson's pleasant presentation, and so, and more so, should every man in business who has never advertised. The Advertising Clubs of the World could do nothing better for their cause than circulate the book.



Ignoring the Obvious

THE war revenue bill so far as it has been made public is not economically up-to-date. It taxes industry, but it does not tax privilege. In its exemption of political bonds it establishes a large exempt class in the country. The holders of the land values of the nation—values created by all and not by individuals—should be taxed of the increment of value. Land values will rise as the result of war expenditures. Those values should be taken to pay for the war, and they could do it easily. This would leave business and labor free of burden and promote general prosperity as nothing else could. Such a tax would increase all kinds of production and keep up "business as usual." I am aware that it would require a constitutional amendment to put into effect a national land value tax, but there may be time to adopt such an amendment before the war comes to an end. We are fighting for democracy. We should have democracy in taxation. What is more democratic than the proposal to take for the benefit of all the wealth that is created by all?



Kipling's Song of Hate

THE last democrat in this world will be Mr. Rudyard Kipling. I am judging by the *motif* of his latest book, "A Diversity of Creatures" (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York). The book contains some of Kipling's best and worst, both in prose and verse. There are stories in it that give one the thrill of his earlier charm. His humor, he it said, runs to farce. In such a tale as "As Easy as A B C," we get a vivid specimen of his microscopic observation, his grasp of recondite, scientific, mechanical technique and his ability to clothe it with living qualities, but it reveals further a scorn for the common people so intense that it is almost comical. In other stories this hatred of democracy obtrudes through his artistic investment of it with a sort of affectionate contempt or contemptuous affection. "The Friendly Brook" is as fine a bit of Kipling as I know—a great story of degraded humanity saved by a touch of fumbling love. His loathing for the high-brows is shown in "My Son's Wife," but it contains more than that, a beautiful and even tender sense of the way in which the English institution of property molds people to its own ends against their will. It presents the paradox of the landowner having less power over his possessions than his tenants; he works for them, holds for them. Clever but specious, but full of that love for the dear land of England, its tranquil, antique charm that even the stranger feels for it, the charm that you find caught and held in the painting of Constable. "Regulus" is a plea for the teaching of the classics, done in British public school jargon, the slang we in this country could not master in "Stalky and Co." Kipling can write as unintelligibly to those ignorant of English life as ever did O. Henry and George

Ade to Englishmen. "The Horse Marines" may be funny to those who are wise to Kipling's language. I do not get it at all. "The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat" is a better story of an over-elaborate practical joke, and it carries in it a refrain that is hypnotic. "In the Presence," an old Sikh, tells of his vigil by the bier of King Edward, and here, too, Kipling is at his best, for he is dealing with Indian thought and character. There is a study of delirium tremens and another of drug addiction, both powerful in their way, both letter-perfect in patho-psychological lingo, both unpleasant and terribly strained for the felicitous finish. There is a tale of aeronautic spies in England, written in 1913, in which shows the author's anticipation of occurrences since 1914. It is a fine example of Kipling's prevision. "In Swept and Garnished," an aged woman in Berlin is visited by the wraiths of little children slain by Germans in Belgium,—a piece of realistic mysticism,—and in "Mary Postgate" the author makes a woman stand over a wounded German aviator awaiting gloatingly the death rattle in his throat. She does this because she has seen a little girl maimed and murdered by a German bomb. And this iciness of hatred, horrible, unbelievable almost in a woman as tender as she, is followed by a poem that is as truly a "song of hate" as the one so entitled by the German poet, Lissauer. There is a terrible bitterness in the verses, each of which has the suggestion of England's unending hate. A more cynic bitterness is found in "The Comforters"—it is a hatred of honest, if blundering, human sympathy. Throughout all this work Kipling is incredibly supercilious. He condescends in nothing, not even to explain his fluent omniscience or to fill in the lacunae in his dialogue. You must read between his lines. There is not a single gracious line in this volume. A little more and you would have the impression of a man snarling at you. But there is power there and on taking thought you feel that his snarl is that of a hurt animal. Closing the book I know I felt very sorry for Rudyard Kipling and forgave him much for his poem therein, "The Children." There is a cry of the heart from a man whose spirit has to a great extent lost touch with the sane inclusiveness of art in which he once was a master and a marvel.



Making Citizens in the Shop

IF America shelters aliens who retain a stronger love for the land of their birth than for the one of their adoption it is because America's older and more fortunate citizens have regarded the immigrants in a sense as servants and slaves rather than as brothers and children—in short, that the native son is responsible for the hyphenate—would be the conclusion of an impartial observer of the results of the *Sicher* system of factory education. Many philanthropic American manufacturers have established excellent schools, gymnasiums, libraries, welfare associations, etc., for their employes but none has so systematically and directly aimed for the Americanization of the foreigner as has Mr. Dudley D. *Sicher*, of D. E. *Sicher* and company. With the hearty co-operation of the New York city board of education he has undertaken to convert illiterate foreigners into literate Americans by teaching them in the factory while engaged at their work. The aim of the firm, as explained by Mr. *Sicher*, is three-fold: to hasten the assimilation necessary to national unity; to promote industrial betterment by reducing the friction caused by failure to comprehend directions; and to decrease the waste and loss that always mark the presence of the illiterate worker. To this end three years ago a school was established where girls are taught in actual working time by a teacher from the New York public schools. That is, they are instructed by a competent teacher and are paid for the time devoted to acquiring knowledge. For three-quarters of an hour each day, while the work of the factory goes on uninterruptedly, each pupil receives practical instruction in the speaking and writing of

the English language, the composition of personal and business letters, the fundamentals of arithmetic, history and civic government, good citizenship, local ordinances, hygiene and sanitation, the industrial evolution of the product they handle, from the cotton fields to the machines they operate (Sicher and company are the largest manufacturers of muslin underwear in the world), and the mysteries of communication so puzzling to the foreigner—the use of the telephone and city directory, the sending of telegrams and letters, and the finding of one's way in the city streets. All is presented without textbooks and so practically that it is never forgotten. This school is open to every Sicher employe but none is compelled to attend.

The girl's health and social life are considered quite as important as her mental training and a social service expert is always on hand to mother the girls, counsel them and, when injured, to give first aid in the factory hospital. Should a girl's feet become wet on her way to work, she can obtain a pair of hose from the social service department for ten cents and will be allowed a rebate of five cents if she returns them nicely laundered. She may also rent an umbrella for five cents when a rain storm arises at the closing hour.

As Americanization is the keynote of the school, the advantages of United States citizenship are stressed in the course of instruction. The pupil is taught how to become a citizen and what it means to be a good one, the true meaning of freedom and patriotism, and the words and music of "The Star-Spangled Banner." History is based upon the life and deeds of popular heroes and inventors, such as Washington, Lincoln, Franklin, Morse and Edison. This leads to national government and business ethics.

The regular course is thirty-five weeks. The cost for the term averages \$16.80 to the firm and \$14.80 to the city. Opposed to this cost, a careful record shows that after sixteen weeks of school the student employe easily earns 23.2 cents an hour, while the illiterate one earns only 19.5 cents, and that upon completion of the course, efficiency is increased from twenty to thirty per cent. It pays. The practicality and merit of this system of schools is evidenced by the encouragement given it by the National Americanization Committee, whose roster of membership bears such representative names as Frank Trumbull, Mary Antin, Thomas Edison, David R. Francis and Cardinal Gibbons. It teaches a class which cannot be reached by the night schools because of the greater lure of the saloon, the dance hall, the movie and the soap-box orator—who certainly ought not to appear in this category—and because of the foreigner's lack of ambition and initiative—a lack foreigners of old were not wont to display.

After three years Mr. Sicher has found the scheme so successful and profitable in every way that he is now formulating plans to call a national congress of manufacturers, educators, publicists and statesmen to consider the illiterate worker and the Americanization of the foreigner through the co-operation of the factories, schools and government. The whole movement has been very clearly described in a booklet entitled "Where Garments and Americans are Made," by Miss Jessie Howell MacCarthy (the Writers Publishing Co., New York), formerly a teacher in Pratt Institute and the Hebrew Technical School for Girls. Miss MacCarthy has made a thorough study of the system and is very enthusiastic concerning its advantages and practical value, particularly its ability to produce loyal Americans in short order from raw foreigners. All our manufacturers should adopt the excellent suggestion of the work of Mr. Sicher as a means to promoting patriotism, as a way of "doing their bit." But, of course, this schooling should not be made an instrumentality for the hobbling of organization among the workers. It is better to be free than even to be educated.

Free Trade and Peace

By Laurie J. Quinby

ONE of the truly salutary results of the world war should be the extension of freedom of commerce throughout the world. At the beginning of this war, it was the Kaiser's claim that Germany was merely trying to secure a place in the sun. His meaning was that Germany was trying to extend her boundaries in order to secure markets. That is the old idea. Stupid statesmen have seen no other way of extending their markets than to steal territory. It has not been many years since we in America were informed that "trade follows the flag."

Everyone who knows anything at all about economic science knows that trade, like everything else, follows the line of least resistance. It follows that if a nation desires to extend its trade, it must throw down such obstructions to commerce as it may have established. For trade must be mutual. We cannot sell if we do not buy. It might be said that international commerce is continued to-day upon the scheme of barter. That is, we do not receive in pay for our goods any sort of money. We merely exchange other goods. It therefore follows that to sell goods to other nations, we must receive goods from them in equal amount. If we do not so receive their goods, we lose in the transaction. A so-called "balance of trade in our favor" is in reality a balance against us, for it shows that we have sent away more than we have received.

One of the childish arguments sometimes heard is that when we buy goods abroad, we get the goods, which soon perish, but the foreigner gets the money. If men only knew that money is not wealth, they would never say such stupid things. People who think know that money is but a certificate that entitles the holder to go into the open market and exchange it for such goods as he desires. If I buy from the grocer a sack of flour he soon gets rid of the money I pay him in exchange for more flour or other goods. The trade is only half made when the money is paid over. If I pay him with a check, he at once deposits that check to his own account at the bank, the bank at the same time transferring that much credit from my account to his.

Now, international trade is substantially the same thing as paying for the goods we buy in giving a check against our account. If we don't buy, of course, we don't give a check. If we do, its deposit in the bank rounds up or completes the transaction. But, the protectionist will say, the foreigner may not redeem our exchange by purchasing goods from us, but will go to other markets. Well, if he does not, we must be that much better off, just as I am the gainer and the other fellow the loser, if I pay him my check for flour and he fails to deposit it against my bank account. But, of course, no such thing happens. The foreigner exchanges the goods he "sells" to us for the goods we "sell" to him. It is merely a matter of barter. It is generally confined to goods of which we have abundance and of which the foreigner has abundance. It is an exchange of "surplus" goods in either case, and must be mutually beneficial.

How stupid it is to perfect means of ocean travel, to build large and speedy vessels to carry goods from nation to nation; to tunnel mountain ranges, bridge chasms and streams between boundary lines, and then station an officer on either side in order to punish those who use these means of transit and commerce.

This is the lesson that we as well as Germany must learn. Like ourselves, she put up tariff barriers against the commerce of the world. She thought she could sell without buying. She discovered the folly of it, but saw no other recourse than to expand her boundaries, to steal Belgium and northern France in order to extend her markets, when by merely throwing down her tariff walls she could by

peaceful means have accomplished the same end. Now she has not only failed, but has lost the friendship of the world which centuries will scarce regain.

Free trade will do more for her and for the world, after this catastrophe, to re-establish normal peace conditions than anything else can do. Let us no longer follow the will o' the wisp of "protectionism."

♦♦♦♦

The Book of the Peony

By Chester H. Krum

That strain again! it had a dying fall,
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.

AT last, the lover and the culturist of whatever degree finds in the "Appreciation of the Peony" a prelude to a book of almost poetic appreciativeness as well as practical suggestion resulting obviously from actual experience—"The Book of the Peony" (Lippincott, Philadelphia).

The authoress, Mrs. Edward Harding, does not hesitate to sound her challenge upon the shield of every champion of the alleged Queen of Flowers, the Rose, when she proclaims that the "rose, fine, exquisite, and fragrant as it is, must yield first rank to the modern peony, which, by reason of its sheer wealth of splendor and majesty of presence, is now entitled to be called the Queen of Flowers." She points out the sovereign qualities of the peony to be regarded as evidencing rank as the best of all perennials: the slightly apparance of its blooms, its worth for both landscape and cutting, the freshness of its foliage throughout the summer, the ease of its culture, its practical freedom from insects and disease, its extreme hardness and its permanence. Mrs. Harding comments upon but two drawbacks, which are insignificant. Yet, much as the present writer inclines towards submission to the faith, he cannot but feel that the peony lacks one quality whose absence still leaves her lower in rank in the floral kingdom than the rose. The peony has no period of repeated bloom. It is a matter of regret, but a fact notwithstanding.

The modern peony is not like the ever-blooming varieties of the rose—hybrid teas—the so-called monthly roses. Its occasion of bloom is single—too much suggestive of the observation of the essayist upon Death, as being common to all—"it occurs but once." There seems to be no way to supply the want. Hybridize one peony upon another peony and you have only a peony which blooms but once. Hybridize a tea rose upon a garden, or remontant rose and you have a hybrid-tea, which blooms nearly every month in the out-of-door season, combines the hardness of the remontant with the fragrance of the tea and appears in so many varieties that it comes not a single spy, but in battalions. It puts the best experts upon their metal to distinguish between the many thousand varieties of the hybrid-teas, and new ones are coming every year.

But the authoress is well founded in her eulogium upon the peony. This book is, as has been suggested, not only poetic but eminently practical. Its genuineness is only one of its many attractions.

There is one suggestion however, which apparently fails to accord to the industrious ant its full meed of praise *in re* peony. The authoress rightly observes that ants cause no direct injury to peonies. She suggests that the industrious insect may be dangerous as a carrier of spores of disease from sick plants. Now, does not that proceed somewhat upon the hypothesis that the domestic fly must be exterminated because its feet might carry some germ with a "hyfalutin" name and thereby spread disease? Without the fly, *mejudice*, the world would become uninhabitable. So let us give the ant its peonistic due. There exudes from a fruitful peony bud a gum which attracts ants, especially the big black ones. The presence of the insect is an alpost certain indication that the bud will develop into a

flower. The more ants, the surer is the promise. Thus has observed one in a small way peonist.

The coming on of this beautiful book is a boon to peony growers, of whatever degree. It is wonderful in its workmanship, as a contribution much needed in its sphere. It does not aspire to gild refined gold, but it is full of inspiration. The reader has little of the red-blood of the peony enthusiast who cannot join in the tribute which the authoress pays to the queen of her floral worship:

"I know of no plant that is so satisfyingly beautiful in every stage of its development. The changing of the shades of red, green, copper and bronze of the young stems and foliage, the slow unfolding of the leaves of fine design are exquisite in themselves—and yet they are but a prelude to the burst of glory in the flowers. When the blossoms appear, it is indeed hard to leave the garden; no matter how many times a day one gazes at them, there is something newly entrancing on each successive glance. . . . This mistress of a much cherished garden often rises to listen to the birds and see her peonies at dawn. The piercing tenderness of the wood-thrush's song, the dream-like purity of the peonies, the inspiration of the summer morning, bring a happiness that is poignant, a thankfulness for life that is nearly ecstasy itself."

Even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.

♦♦♦♦

The Professors Coming In

By Alex Mackendrick

LIKE the German government in its tardy recognition of the people's claim for democratic control, our authorities in the science of economics are at length beginning to take seriously the growing demand for the taxation of privilege. Not to go further back than one year, we have had in the *American Economic Review*, articles by Professors T. S. Adams, Seligman, and Anderson, dealing with the pros and cons of the single tax theory and the many complex issues involved therein; and now in the latest issue, a Cornell professor of ripe experience and sound judgment sets himself to the task of disentangling the elements of truth and righteousness in that movement from the strands of error with which, in his opinion, it has become involved.

It has been recognized by students of psychology that sympathy plays a large part in the work of the understanding, and that for the complete comprehension of either a great man or a great principle there must go something like a whole-hearted surrender, accompanied by a suspension of the critical faculties: provided that this can be accomplished without prejudice to that reaction which must inevitably come to a strong and independent mind, when the natural instinct asserts itself to hold the subject of thought at arm's length, to weigh it up and measure it round, and to compel it to endure the fire of criticism.

That Professor H. J. Davenport has undergone a process of mental evolution of this kind in his study of the subject is evident from a careful perusal of the article referred to—"Theoretical Issues of the Single Tax." In his preliminary "confession of faith," the Professor declares "I believe that the principle at the heart of the single tax agitation—that the fiscal revenues should be derived from the social estates—is right and vastly important. . . . Not a society single-taxed, but a society free from taxation of any sort, is the logic of the principle—a goal well within the reach of a wise and provident public policy."

But that his critical faculties have not been snowed under by his sympathy with the essential principle of the single tax, is made very clear; and if the friends of the movement would realize adequately the importance of finding the lines of least resistance, they will consider carefully his searching analysis of some of their proposed applications of the principle. Prominent among these is the demonstration of the unwisdom, in the professor's opin-

ion, of attempting to tax, not the actual present rental of land, but the shadow or promise of future rental that is expressed in its selling price. With regard also to the probable effect of the single tax on land speculation, a new view of the problem is presented as to the comparative advantage of a larger tax upon actual ground-rental, as against a smaller *ad valorem* tax on all land whether used or unused—and this argument also, with the case of Vancouver kept carefully in mind, should command careful consideration.

The point on which sanely progressive men will congratulate themselves, is that the single tax movement is emerging from the condition in which it has had to endure either the back-sets due to the impatience and divided zeal of some of its friends, or the chilling influence of neglect and indifference from the pulpit, the press and the professorial chair. If in the spirit of sweet reasonableness that pervades this article, we can have the merits of the single tax set forth alongside of its possible dangers, there is good hope that we may soon enjoy all the blessings it promises, while escaping the pitfalls its antagonists have warned us of.

♦♦♦♦

The Meeting

By Charles Louis Philippe

(This story is selected from the "Contes du Matin," published in Paris by the "Nouvelle Revue Française." It was translated for the New York Evening Post.)

HE passed her. Then he had the foolish thought that if he stopped before a shop-window she would come and stand near him. She did nothing of the kind and kept on her way.

Then he made up his mind to speak to her. She was as disagreeable as she had been in the last days they had spent together. She pretended astonishment and exclaimed:

"Goodness! They told me you were dead!"

At that he became horribly vexed. If he had been dead she would have gone on living as if nothing had happened.

She was very well dressed. He could not have said whether the coat she had on was in heaven, or rabbit-skin, or astrakhan. He did not even know the names of the garments she put on her back. He was half sorry he had spoken to her, and suddenly felt himself very small beside her. He tried to take a joking tone.

"Well! well! You look as if business was good!"

She answered:

"Yes, indeed! You had a fine idea when you sued for a divorce. It's turned out well for me."

For a little while he walked along beside her like a ninny. She gave him no encouragement, and he looked as if he was following her—he looked like a man who forces his company on a woman he has just met on the street. And when he asked her, "What are you doing now?" she kept straight ahead, saying: "What you see. I'm walking."

Thus they reached the Place de la Bastille. He would have to cross to the right from the middle of the sidewalk so as to get to the station for his train. He turned to go that way. She waved her hand to the left and said:

"I'm going up here."

She stopped out of politeness as she was leaving him. She showed him rather ostentatiously that she had good manners. He did not know how to say goodbye to her. She would be able to say that he had run after her and that she had repulsed him. There was a café in front of them, and to take from her the chance of any such boast, he suggested:

"If you're not in a great hurry, suppose we go in here."

She burst out laughing, thought it over for a moment, and then exclaimed:

"I don't mind. That will be rather funny."

They went in. They sat down opposite each other. They waited to be served. A waiter brought their drinks.

Then a strange phenomenon happened. The woman, especially, never expected it. The man suddenly found on his tongue the words he used to employ when they lived together. It had been a habit of his when he came home every evening at 6 o'clock after spending the afternoon at the office to say as soon as he saw her: "Well?" That meant: "Well, has anything happened while I was away?" Eight years had passed since they had seen each other. When he opened his mouth a word came out:

"Well?"

Never in ordinary circumstances did he speak thus to any other woman.

She could not help smiling and making a little sign with her head as she recognized the familiar word.

Something of the same kind happened to her. She had always made a point of inspecting him from head to foot before he went out and setting right any negligence in his clothes. He would always have looked as if he had been sleeping in his clothes if she had not taken care to do this. In spite of herself she glanced over him and said:

"I see that you haven't yet learned how to tie a tie. Listen—just bend over the table a little. I'm going to straighten your tie for you."

He laughed. It was true: he wore his tie anyhow. He leaned forward and she tied it very carefully. When she had finished he looked at himself in the mirror of the café, and she added, laughing:

"Yes, it's really funny. It still makes me uncomfortable to see you not dressed right."

Neither of them had any longer the least feeling of embarrassment.

He told her all that had happened to him during the last eight years, just as he used to tell her formerly what had happened to him during the afternoon.

He had married again a year after the divorce. He had two children, two little girls. The eldest was six years old and the second was five. He was still in the same office. He lived at Saint-Mandé. When he had met her he was going to the Vincennes station to take his train. When he had told that much he had told all his life. He became silent.

All the same, it was curious. The more he looked at her the more he realized that he had never seen her properly. From the time they were married he had always believed that her eyes were blue. Since the divorce, whenever he thought of her he always imagined for some reason or other that she had gray eyes, clear gray—fine eyes and no mistake! which showed you that she wasn't dark. He told her what he had observed. She laughed and said:

"There, you see! You have never understood me."

She showed interest in everything that had happened to him. To get a still clearer idea of his life she asked him:

"And what is your wife like?"

He hesitated before he answered:

"Do you know what's the truth, Alice? A man has only one wife; that's the first one. Afterwards a man marries for someone to keep house, or to have a family."

How sad he was after he had said these words! How happy they might have been if she had only wished it! He spoke of this to her. He said:

"Oh, why didn't you stick to me?"

Singularly enough, as it seemed to him who knew her and had noticed in the last days of their life together with what obstinacy she followed her questionable courses and how she always insisted that she was right, she now replied, softly and frankly:

"Yes, there it is. I was eight years younger than I am to-day. A person is silly when she is young."

She was very nice, as she was in the early times of their marriage, when she had a very good heart and one could always persuade her by appealing to her best side. He said to her:

"You haven't told me what you have been doing during the last eight years."

She answered:

"My poor, dear man, you wouldn't want me to tell

you. You know well enough what there is for a divorced woman to do."

Then he said to her:

"It's some consolation for me, Alice, that you aren't in abject poverty."

They were two good friends, very saddened on each side of a table in a café. She excused herself to him:

"You mustn't think hard of me because I didn't welcome you when you spoke to me. I played the haughty. And indeed it would have been much better if I hadn't answered you. You can see yourself you were wrong. Now we're going to be unhappy thinking of each other."

But they had not the time to talk at any length. The clock of the café came to half-past seven. She did not want to get him into any trouble. She said:

"I mustn't keep you, Paul. Your wife might be uneasy."

He answered:

"Yes, poor woman! And she would be a good deal more so if she knew what I am thinking of this evening."

They shook hands like two poor comrades who have had no luck in life.

♦♦♦♦

Makers of the Flag

By Franklin K. Lane

Secretary of the Interior.

An address delivered on Flag Day, 1914, to the employees of the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

THIS morning, as I passed into the Land Office, the Flag dropped me a cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of congress, nor even a general of the army. I am only a government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice. "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Ohio, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on when the Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the president spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Cob prize this summer."

"Yesterday the congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the Flag."

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the Flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working."

Then came a great shout from the Flag.

"The work that we do is the making of the Flag."

"I am not the Flag; not at all. I am but its shadow."

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more."

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become."

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heartbreaks and tired muscles."

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly."

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward."

"Sometimes I am loud, garish and full of that ego that blasts judgment."

"But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for."

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope."

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring."

"I am the constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor and clerk."

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of to-morrow."

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why."

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution."

"I am no more than what you believe me to be, and I am all that you believe I can be."

"I am what you make me, nothing more."

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the Flag and it is well that you glory in the making."

♦♦♦♦

The Old Bookman

CONFESSIONS OF LEARNED IGNORANCE

By Horace Flack

VIII. SIR THOMAS BROWNE'S LUCID INTERVALS.

THE wisest man I ever knew was as learned as Sir Thomas Browne, M. D., author of "The Religio Medici," which, in spite of being at all times one of the most learned books in the English of the seventeenth century, is often one of the wisest in the English of any century. "Obsta principis," said the wisest man I ever knew. Though he said it in Latin, he could have learned what he meant by it only from life and from Greek. The old Greeks knew it from life, and Homer taught it from life to all who came after him. Nothing ever happens in life. It cannot "happen," though it may, can or must occur. Everything has a reason working for its occurrence in life, and (never happening, by any accident) it occurs according to its own reason, subject always to the control of a higher reason. So the wisest man I ever knew insisted I should know from my earliest boyhood that no amount of learning he could give me could make me a "privileged character." Except as I learned to prevent the worst from occurring to me and those I love, I might expect all that the worst means in tragedy, while to prevent its occurrence, there was only one sure way: "Obsta principis"—"Stop it at the start!"

Had I followed this rule of life, I might have become rational. "But it is most true," says Sir Kenelm Digby in his "Observations Upon Religio Medici," "that they are exceeding few, if any, in whom reason worketh clearly and is not over-swayed by passion and terrene affections . . . and fewer, that knowing what is best, can win of themselves to do accordingly."

When it is only occasionally and by great effort, that knowing what is best, I "win of myself to do accordingly," I have this explanation from Sir Thomas Browne, M. D., of what it means to be unreasonable: "The heart of man is the place the devils dwell in. I feel sometimes a hell within myself. Lucifer keeps his court within my breast. Legion is revived in me. There are as many hells as Anaxagoras conceived worlds . . . for every

devil is a hell unto himself. He holds enough of torture in his own *ubi* and needs not the misery of circumference to afflict him."

As this explanation applies to whole libraries of biography and history, I cite it for the use of all whom it may concern now and hereafter. I find it useful now, and it may concern me more nearly hereafter. It may finally become the last word of science in explaining political history from B. C. 3000 to A. D. 1917, for all I know to the contrary. But when Doctor Browne, as a practicing physician, defines what he understands to be the unmistakable symptoms of damnation, he loses for me, as he may for most others, the charm which so often makes his religion seem as lovely as it is logical, as beautiful as it is rational. For he wishes us to know that in his lucid intervals, when he did not have the devil in him, he saw clearly with his own eyes that he had around him, under him, over him, a universe of beauty and glory, of love and power, of sweetness and of light. Then, all living nature became for him The Book of Life. In such lucid intervals, he could hear the voice of God clearly in the nineteenth psalm, as he could see the finger of God not less clearly in the growth of a common roadside weed. So he wrote his "Garden of Cyrus," his "Urn Burial," and other works, not less pedantic than his "Religio Medici," to record what he had learned from The Book of Life during lucid intervals in which he could actually see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears. I think it possible that he made everything he wrote very learned because he feared that if he did not, he might be "interned" for life as a lunatic or, worse still, "corrected" as a heretic. If thus he understood that "learning is a defense," his use of it may be excusable, if not defensible. But regardless of all learning, in his lucid intervals, he could see the best in spite of the worst in human life and all other life. With his own eyes, as Robert Louis Stevenson saw, he, too, could—

"See in the ink of the slough and the sink
of the mire,
Veins of glory run through and transpire
and transpire."

This is what all will see first as their eyes open to what is always before our eyes in the Book of Life. For I do not always have "Lucifer within my breast." More than once I too have had a lucid interval, when I could actually see what is before my eyes. And more than once I have had actual hearing in my ears for the last word in The Book of Life, read by Sir Thomas Browne, M. D. It was, and is, and always it will remain: "I bid you hope."

♦♦♦♦

"Way for Mr. Atkins"

By Kendall Harrison

"R OARIN' rain ahead o' me, an' miles o' mud behind—

Mud that plucks an' sucks the boots off o' your bloomin' feet—

Mud that's in the marrow o' my bones—an' strike me blind!

Army corps o' Fritzes yonder, livin' snug an' neat.

"Drivin' rain on top o' me, an' crawlin' mud below—

Out in front the tangled wires, like vines upon a hill,

Broke an' sagged with Bosches that we stopped a week ago;

An' thousands hidin' back of 'em, for us to go an' kill."

Washing rain to cleanse him, and the torn earth to hide

What arose from Earth one day, and now is Earth again;

And Fritz to sleep the long, long nights earth-covered by his side,

Who bought that bed, as Tommy his, with blood and tears and pain.

Letters From the People

Alton-on-Parnassus

Granite City, Ill., May 3, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Alton-on-the-Perpendicular boasts a brave man. His name is C. Victor Stahl, and he is the editor of a light tan publication called "The Ajax, A Monthly Magazine for Lovers of Literature, the Organ of Classicism: Spirit of Romanticism." It has existed for six months on poetry alone. Just why it is called *The Ajax* is a bit mysterious. Ajax defied the lightning. Mr. Stahl is apparently defying "the apathy of the reading public towards purely creative effort." He hopes to overcome this "by the publication of works of such heart appeal that even the most disinterested person may read and take delight in literary matters. While preserving our high artistic ideals, we hope to please and instruct, and thereby gain as near popular appreciation as is possible under the circumstances. In that we are ruling out free verse, because we do not believe it is properly artistic, and . . . will not survive as a permanent form of literature."

Mr. Stahl ought to know. He's an experienced poet himself. In the current number he twangs his Altonian lyre some considerable in an impassioned outburst against the Kaiser. I hope he has sent that gentleman a copy of *The Ajax*, for if he reads that poem he will see the egregious error of his ways. "Do not these sights avail, my lord, to move thy cruel ambitious heart to fears," inquires the poet sternly, "Canst thou not feel their anguish and their woe, do these not bleed thine eyes with tears?" Of course, the captious might point out that tears and fears have been rhymed before now and then, but "bleed thine eyes with tears" is all Mr. Stahl's own. He is the author, also, of "Zarabella, a Poetic Tragedy," and "The Sinking of the Titanic, and Other Poems."

As editor, Mr. Stahl's standards are almost too severe. Nothing but the purest poesy shall ever sully his fair pages. Advertisers may plead with him to take their copy, but Mr. Stahl is not tempted by their gold—at least not thus far. He announces uncompromisingly, "The Ajax has no guarantors, will sell no shares of stock, and will print few, if any, advertisements." One sees the disappointed advertisers weeping into their pocket handkerchiefs, with the abandon of the carpenter when he ate another oyster.

On the other hand, Mr. Stahl opens his arms and presses to his bosom a host of poets little appreciated by the proud world, sunk in its "disinterested" apathy. Most of the poets whose efforts grace the "Just a Minute" department of the *Post-Dispatch* are represented. If you want to keep up with the writings of such bards as Irvin Mattick, Henry June Patee, and Rutherford Montgomery, you should subscribe to *The Ajax*. As a discoverer of "talent," Mr. Stahl has a right to be proud. He has dug it up in such unlikely places as Meridian, Miss., Antlers, Okla., Waukegan, Ill., Neiber, Wyo., etc. Those places are going to be on the map, some day!

Here's to you, C. Victor Stahl, cham-

A VICTROLA IS NEVER OUT OF SEASON

Many lovers of music fail to realize the wonderful enjoyment that is within their reach—the world's most noted artists are at your service in your own home, if you have a Victrola.

On warm Summer evenings it is no trouble to take the Victrola out on the porch and there enjoy the talent of Caruso, McCormack, Alma Gluck, Kreisler and the many other artists of note who perform exclusively for the Victor Company. The variations of the different records are so immense that any selection on most all instruments are recorded exactly to your liking.

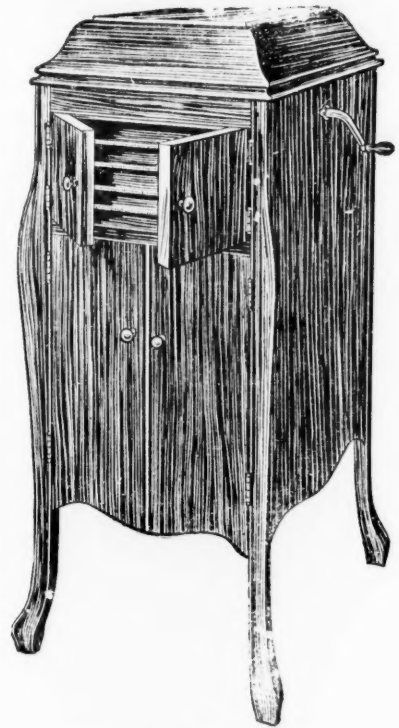
*At Vandervoort's you can buy a Victrola
on Terms that Are Most Liberal.*

Victrolas \$15 to \$300

Victor Records 60c and up

We Have an Immense Stock of Victor Records

Including a good selection of Patriotic Numbers which are now so much in demand. You will find utmost satisfaction in supplying your Victor needs at Vandervoort's—where service is made a personal pleasure.
Victrola Shop, Sixth Floor



Victrolas \$75

"LIBERTY LOAN" BONDS AT THE Scruggs-Vandervoort & Barney Bank SECOND FLOOR

Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney

Olive and Locust, from Ninth to Tenth.

pion of Good Poetry! Your heart's evidently in the right place.

SAPPHAON.

"Herr Schmidt's Thesis"

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Ann Arbor, Mich., May 3, 1917.

The article entitled "Herr Schmidt's Thesis" in your issue of April 27, is a very enticing presentation, in relation to foreign commerce only, of a doctrine long ago promulgated, and now held by an increasing number as the only practicable relation of all commercial operations, domestic as well as foreign.

In the early part of the last century a little book was published by Josiah Warren, in which the doctrine that cost should be the limit of price, as he puts it, was fully set forth. The same principle is the foundation of the voluminous works of the noted Proudhon, a contemporary of Warren and the father of the word "Anarchy," used by him as a paradox, as well as of the fundamental



3855 Olive Street
J. N. SEROPYAN Phone, Lindell 3264
ORIENTAL RUGS
PRICES ALWAYS REASONABLE
Special Department for Cleaning and Repairing Rugs
Best and Best Work Done in the City

ideas that underlie the anarchistic system.

Karl Marx, the originator of authoritarian socialism, develops the same idea with a different phraseology, when he points out that the employer sells the product for a price far in advance of the cost. All varieties of advanced thought agree in the doctrine that exchange must be on a footing of equal cost, unless somebody is robbed.

Marx attributed the exaction of a price greater than cost to the greed of the employer; and saw no remedy but the artificial one of forcible expropriation by the government, after it had become an industrial rather than a political organization. Proudhon went a step farther and inquired into the causes that made it possible for the employer to

charge an advanced price. These causes he found in the power of holding land out of use, which is inherent in proprietorship, and in the restrictions placed by all governments upon the use of private credit as a circulating medium. To the first of these he traced the exaction of rent, by which economists always mean ground rent; to the second, the exaction of interest in all its forms, including the commercial profit, which is most conspicuous as the dividends with which modern business is familiar.

By all three, rent, interest and profit, as summed up by Marx, a part of the product is diverted from the producer and turned over to the owner of either land or capital.

In the absence of the privileges which

give rise to these forms of exploitation, the producer would retain his whole product; would himself retain the capital that he is now compelled to hand over to someone else; and would be able to join with others like himself, owners of moderate amounts of capital, to establish the co-operative large-scale concerns which Marx thought impossible without the control of authority.

In one way or another, in the rebuilding of the world that must come after men are tired of fighting, this principle of exchange at cost must be established, or we shall enter upon another long night, awaiting the further development of human intelligence.

JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON.

Abas the Demon Rum

New Haven, Conn., May 2, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

The acme of patriotism is to advise some economy that will simply hurt the other fellow. At the present time the waste which lends itself most readily to reform is, of course, liquor. So the high priests of prohibition are busy telling us how many million loaves of bread we may add to our usual supply by suppressing the reprehensible liquor traffic. One might possibly suspect them of some slight exaggeration were it not that we know that in that rarefied moral atmosphere in which they breathe and take their being, such things are unknown.

It is a splendid opportunity not only to rescue America from a "drunkard's grave" but also to save our allies. Why should we deprive ourselves of bread in order to send grain to England for the breweries there to make into their vile concoctions? We may easily see the hold which Satan has on the English statesman when he allows the manufacture of beer and whiskey and shuts down on the use of cake and muffins for afternoon tea. None so blind as those who will not see. This is a diabolical plot on the part of the whiskey aristocracy of Great Britain to destroy that noble institution of tea-drinking and substitute the cocktail habit which has been the damnation of the young manhood of America. It is more than likely that this scheme was originated by General Haig in the interests of Haig and Haig.

Even Germany cannot tear herself free from the terrible octopus Rum. Where are all her boasted claims of efficiency? According to our esteemed New York Herald and Providence Journal, there are scarcely a dozen loaves of bread in the whole Teutonic empire. I trust I do not exaggerate—and yet her soldiers are still receiving their usual rations of beer. Our H. P. of Ps. should really take this up with congress. We should refuse to fight with a nation that allows such a state of affairs. Some of our boys might be taken prisoner and there learn to drink beer. Think of what a bad example it is for the beer-drinking hordes of Germany to hold their own—to put it mildly—against the vodka-less Russians. We should have an "amateur rule" in war, as well as in

golf and tennis, to prevent any such odious comparisons. RUSSELL LEAHY.

The Secret of Art

May 6, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Referring to your song of grief about the art awards and the conjectures regarding what the judges wished to convey, don't you think Henri and Bellows owe it as a part of their responsibility to say what they meant, and rob the dilettantes of their sweet luxury of guessing what the inner meaning of everything is?

In addition to what you think the St. Louis artists have to learn, don't you think they also individually have to learn this age-old truth: that art must be the expression of the artist's feeling and conception of life based on his mental and spiritual equipment and experience? This varies with each individual, and granted that technical training and study

have been sufficient, the richest life will reflect the richest art.

Then, too, the ideal judge will not be the richest life, necessarily, but will be he who, by chance will strike something near what later proves to be an average consensus of opinion.

WM. N. ROBSON.

From the Prize Winner

4518 Cote Brillante Ave.,
St. Louis, May 7, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

It is a surprise to have my work classed with Post Impressionism, Matisse, etc. I am not trying to be new and different; am only influenced by what I consider to be the great art of the past and nature. The trouble with those who condemn is that they know more about clever painting than they do about art.

The picture was primarily painted as

Suits and Coats Reduced



SHARP price cuts have been made on our finest Outer Apparel, presenting opportunities for saving that are extraordinary.

The styles and materials will meet with the most exacting requirements, and every woman will recognize that these are values of an unusual nature.

Women's Suits—Of serges, gabardines, poplins, checks and novelties.....

\$15

Women's Coats—Of Poirer twills, jerseys, wool velours, taffetas and novelty mixtures

Suits—Of serges, gabardines, Poirer twills, tricotine, summer-weight velours, jerseys, silks, checks, stripes—navy and black

\$25

Coats—Of Bolivia, covert, gabardine, serges, wool velour, water fall, Sylvette cloth, velvet and novelties.....

Suits—Representing the most unusual values in highest class materials, of gabardines, serges, jerseys, Tussor silks, taffetas, gros de Londres and khaki kool

\$35

Coats—Of Bolivia covert, gabardine, serges, wool velour and novelties.....

Suits—Max M. Schwarz and Hickson creations, all highest class models, in the most beautiful fabrics that have been used this season—of fine, imported woolens, silks and jerseys.....

\$45

Coats—Of gros de Londres, charmeuse, silk jerseys, brocades, crepe-lined jerseys, imported Bolivias, finest wool velours and peau de peche.....

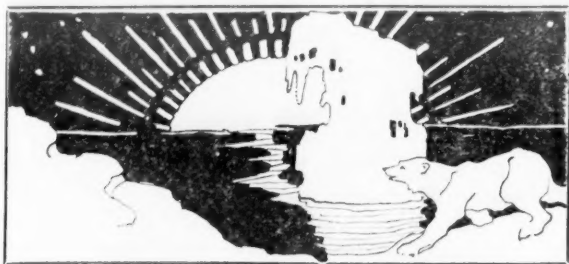
We advise your early attendance. None will be sent C. O. D., on approval, nor will they be exchanged. Every sale must be final.

(Third Floor)

STIX, BAER & FULLER
DRY GOODS COMPANY

FREE—6 MONTHS—INVESTING FOR PROFIT.
a monthly Guide to Money-Making.
Tells how \$100 grows to \$2,200—how to get richer quickly and honestly.
W. L. BARBER, Pub. 492.32 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

a decoration. Commenced a year and a half ago, it was not done directly from nature and I used no models. I thought it had possibilities for a big motive—arbitrarily using color, eliminating certain objectionable detail, repeating the lines of the frame with the perpendicular lines of the buildings and the horizontal line of humanity in the foreground, the pyramidal mass of the court house to come to a climax on the dome. Round forms, clouds, wheels, etc., were used to make variety; certain other bits of color and forms were used to disconcert the attention from the real point of interest—on the dome. At one time I seriously considered showing the sky black, to heighten the dramatic effect, but knew it would not "get by" the jury of selection.



Dry, Cold Air Means Better Fur Storage

One little moth can do a world of damage to the best of furs. And when good furs are once damaged, their value is permanently impaired.



This modern vault—the largest of its kind in St. Louis—was built with one object in view: to protect your furs. It was built in the best possible way, with every improvement known to modern architecture.



First, your furs are thoroughly cleaned by our compressed air process. Then they are HUNG away—not packed away.



Nothing disturbs them all during the summer. The cold, dry air circulates through them, and when October comes they are clean, fluffy and in perfect condition for you to wear.



Besides being moth-proof, the vault is fire-proof and burglar-proof, thus giving you every feature of protection that can possibly be provided.



And when you stop to consider that all of this care and protection costs so little, is it worth risking your furs in inadequate moth bags and other receptacles? Hardly!



Call Olive 5900, station 47, or Central 7900, station 253; and we'll call for your furs without delay.

Storage Office, Third Floor.

Famous and Barr Co.

ENTIRE BLOCK: OLIVE, LOCUST, SIXTH AND SEVENTH STS.

We Give Eagle Stamps and Redeem Full Books for \$2 in Cash or \$2.50 in Merchandise. Few Restricted Articles Excepted.

An Agony in Art

New York, 57 W. 45th St.,
May 7, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

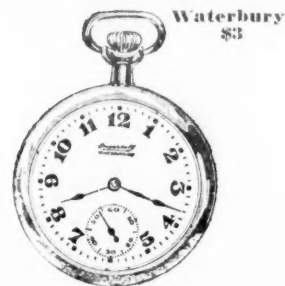
I was much interested reading in the train coming east the article entitled "An Agony in Art" published in last week's MIRROR. To have the generous effort of donors of an award perverted, and its influence, which should have gone to the betterment and strengthening of the art interest and taste of St. Louis, misdirected, no artist can think of without regret. It is obvious that the committee empowered with the selection of the gentlemen who were invited to come from the east and award the prizes, were fully aware of the character and complexion of the art thought of the judges whom they selected. It is well known to all of us painters here in New York that those gentlemen represent anarchy in art thought—the negation of standards and principles which have been respected in the past, and which have been the foundation upon which all the great art of the world has been built. Their award therefore should have been in no way a surprise. They are perfectly consistent with the well-known reputation of these men. Our profession at this moment is beset with these Iconoclasts, and an exema of distorted production degrades the walls of all galleries where this temporary sensationalism is tolerated. It has passed in Paris. It has never been tolerated in London. Where was the place of its origin I do not know, but, I well remember, during the summer of 1913, as I was passing the well-known art shop of Monsieur Volland in the rue LaFite in Paris, I was attracted by some Neo-Impressionist and Cubist pictures in the window; upon entering I found the store full of this modernist work. In surprise, I remarked to the proprietor, "But, my dear sir, do you ever sell any of this work?" He replied: "I take three carloads of these pictures to Germany every spring and dispose of them all!" Whether this has anything to do with the evolution of modern thought I cannot say, but the conspicuousness of this, so called, art in America I consider to be of brief duration and the pendulum will soon swing back to the normal, where beauty and craftsmanship will dominate as they have since the time of the Greeks. It is not "trying to see with dead men's eyes," to be guided by the works of Titian, of Velasquez, of Leonardo or Van Dyck. That there are too many small prizes given in our exhibitions is unquestioned. Traveling scholarships for the younger painters; medals which really bear honor; the purchase of a painting and its presentation to a museum—these are the recompenses which we all respect. I feel sure that some reflective thought will be the result of this introduction of the red flag of anarchy into the art of your midst.

CARROLL BECKWITH.



Pa—I greatly disapprove of that young Smithson, and one particular reason is his lack of interest in his calling.

Daughter—His calling. Why, papa, he calls seven evenings in the week—Tit-Bits.



The Watch That The People Want—The New

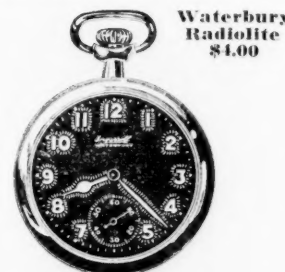
Ingersoll
Waterbury

In the first place it's the size that is so much wanted today—especially in the cities—the smaller "12-size." Then the whole "get-up" of the watch is smart, stylish, up-to-the-minute in all the little features found in the high-priced watches.

But a watch is to keep time and to meet practical requirements. Here is three dollars' worth of watch by the best Ingersoll standards. It's jeweled with four jewels at points of greatest friction. It is accurate; and it is sturdy, too. It isn't put out of business by a little rough handling that most watches won't stand.

As an added attraction you have the Waterbury "Radiolite" at \$4.00. The hands and figures are made of a new self-luminous substance containing genuine radium. This causes them to glow with a brilliance that lasts for ten years—probably much longer.

You can always tell an Ingersoll store by the display of Ingersolls in the window. There's one not far from you.



Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro.
New York Chicago San Francisco

SHOES
OF
DEPENDABLE
QUALITY
AND
STYLE

Swope
Shoe Co.
OLIVE AT 10th ST.

As it was, I took a chance on painting the awnings green and the building yellow. I sent it to the 1916 show; at that time it was more contrasty in tone and was rejected. I worked on it another six months, refining it, improving the tone of value and color. Sent it again

this year, hoping it would be understood better—which it was. C. K. GLEESON.

[Mr. Gleeson fairly explains everything but that elongated horse—or is it mule?—in the lower right-hand corner. That beast surely out-Matisse's Matisse. —Editor of the MIRROR.]

At the Theaters

"The College Girl Frolics," a Ziegfeldian attraction, will be the headliner at the Grand Opera House next week. Equally interesting although very different will be the twelve speed mechanics who in two crews of six each will contest in assembling two autos. The parts will be lying around the stage and at a given signal the opposing crews will begin putting the machines together. All local service shop teams are challenged to contest these professionals at the Grand. The bill will comprise eight other good numbers, including a playlet by Willard Mack and new Keystone comedies.

✱

Eight bright vaudeville acts are on the week's offering at the Columbia theater, beginning Monday afternoon. The headliner is Mercedes, psychic eighth wonder of the world in a surprising occult revelation, "The Musical Enigma." He is assisted by Mlle. Stantone. The names of pieces of music, which the audience want played, are transferred to Mlle. Stantone by Mercedes. Prof. James H. Hyslop, calls Mercedes' powers extraordinary. Harry Girard and company in "The Wail of an Eskimo," a musical comedy of Alaskan life, have second place. The book and music are by Girard himself, and the lyrics by Oliver Morosco and Joseph Blethen. Another bright feature is Rita Mario and her orchestra of ten girls. Others on the bill are George M. Rosener in characteristic types; Conlin and Parks trio, in songs and dances; Cummings and Shelley, presenting "One Afternoon;" Pete Walsh and Charles Bentley, the bellboy and the athlete; and the Orpheum Travel Weekly.

✱✱✱

Marts and Money

Wall street's people are in a dumpish and a sullen mood. They feel worried over material shrinkage in prices and transfers, and increasingly suspicious on account of plain evidences of liquidation for powerful interests. The blithe and jaunty words "business as usual" are no longer heard. The market is described as "bum" and "rotten." In the great headquarters of pessimism, much is made of the persisting weakness of high-grade railroad stocks, the quotations for which show declines of ten to thirty points when contrasted with the maximum figures of 1916. The selling pressure is regarded as the inevitable outcome of magnitudinous war loans and reports of an antagonistic attitude in congress towards the demand for higher freight rates. Depressive influences are also ascribed to intimations on the part of the commerce commission that the railroad companies must limit their dividend rates during the period of the war. The conclusion is drawn that the commission will not permit of increased disbursements among stockholders, and see to it that all financial benefits accruing from advances in freight charges must be expended for improvements and new equipment. No comfort is found in the haphazard suggestion from some hopeful professionals that the avowed policy of the commission should be con-

sidered tantamount to an official guaranty of existing dividend rates. In reference to this particular idea, it must be borne in mind that an implied guaranty is more than offset by the visible changes in investment standards. Prior to April 1, 1917, Chicago & Northwestern common could fairly be thought a desirable investment at 118, the yearly dividend rate being 7 per cent. At present, and in the face of impending government loans totalling \$7,000,000,000 the price mentioned does not appear especially tempting. Similar reasoning applies to all other prominent instances in point, not only in the railroad, but also in the industrial and mining departments. It hardly can be expected that we might escape somehow or other such a readjustory process as has been witnessed in England, France and Germany since August, 1914.

Leading copper and steel stocks were not badly affected in their quoted values by the heavy liquidation of railroad, motor and some public utility issues. Holders of them feel encouraged by more or less authoritative statements that steel and metal industries will continue in their present state of exceptional prosperity for an indefinite time, so long at least as the representatives of the fighting nations cannot be got together in a conference room. United States Steel common is quoted at 113 $\frac{3}{4}$, against 115 $\frac{7}{8}$ a week ago; for Republic Iron & Steel common, the respective quotations are 78 and 81, for Anaconda Copper, 77 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 79 $\frac{1}{2}$, and for Inspiration Copper, 54 and 56 $\frac{3}{4}$. Utah Copper is valued at 114, which compared with 97 on February 1, and with 117 $\frac{7}{8}$ on April 27; the top mark in 1916 was 130. In this instance, buying and faith among owners are fostered by smooth, favorable talk respecting the admitted purchase of over 600,000 shares of the company by the Kennecott Corporation and the announced purpose of the latter to get possessed of additional Utah stock at all propitious opportunities in the market. The Kennecott is closely affiliated with the American Smelting & Refining or Guggenheim crowd, and pays \$6 a year on its outstanding 2,786,296 shares of capital stock, which has no par value. Current earnings, we are told, indicate a dividend surplus of about \$10 or \$11 for 1917. Superficially regarded, the Kennecott's purchases of Utah in the open market appear unobjectionable, but why did the company find it necessary or advisable to inform all the world that it intended to buy supplementary blocks of Utah Copper shares? As a rule, such purposes are not cried from the rooftops; they are closely guarded and executed in secret ways. The Kennecott is a highly acquisitive concern. It has bought, and, presumably, still is buying, mining, railroad, and steamship companies in the United States, inclusive of Alaska, as well as in South America. If it gets full control of the Utah, it will be the principal producer of copper in America. At present, supremacy is held by the Anaconda by a very substantial margin.

Conditions in the iron and steel trade still are remarkably profitable and promising, according to the *Iron Age*. In its latest weekly review, this authority makes the following statements, in part:

Katy to Texas



Every
factor of Comfort—

from solid steel cars to genuine courtesy from every Katy man you meet—is yours on the

Texas Special

One night aboard—all steel equipment

Leave St. Louis at 6:30 p. m.

Ar. Dallas 12:40 noon	Ar. Ft. Worth 1:00 p. m.
Ar. Waco 3:20 p. m.	Ar. Temple 4:08 p. m.
Ar. Austin 6:05 p. m.	Ar. San Antonio 8:20 p. m.

The Katy Limited **The Katy Flyer**

Lvs. St. Louis 9:15 a. m. Lvs. St. Louis 9:05 p. m.
Texas, next morning. Texas, next evening.

For detailed information and literature, address—

S. G. Langston, Division Passenger Agent,
Broadway and Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.



"Saving for Investment"

What do you do with your surplus funds when they pass the \$500 mark?

Have you studied the difference between investing in enterprises, ownerships and obligations?

How do you choose between good bonds and others?

The writer of "Saving for Investment" has endeavored to answer these questions. His answers may interest you. A copy of the booklet is yours on request.

Mississippi Valley Trust Company

FOURTH and PINE

Hess & Culbertson

THE ST. LOUIS JEWELERS.
AT SEVENTH & ST. CHARLES ST.

For the Boys going to the front

Patriotic remembrances are in order. Useful things—keepsakes—that are permanent reminders of home. This store features many such articles at very moderate prices. For example—

Special—Military Wrist Watch for wear in active service. Nickel case. 7 jewel. Genuine leather strap . . . \$5.75

Others at \$3.25 to \$68.

Sterling Silver \$1.85
Match Boxes . . .

Sterling Silver \$2.25
Pocket Knives . . .

Sterling Silver \$7.50
Cigarette Cases . . .

Seal Rings \$2.50
Gold—up from . . .

*Military Brushes and Toilet Accessories
will be keenly appreciated.*

THE NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE IN ST. LOUIS

WILL GIVE

\$1,000.00

IN GOLD

FOR A SLOGAN

We invite every man, woman or child over 14, living in St. Louis, or within 25 miles of the corporate limits, who is a depositor in any bank, or intends to become one, to compete, except employees of The National Bank of Commerce and members of their immediate families.

The slogan must be based on facts; it should not be merely "catchy," but must contain substance.

Call at the bank for the

"DOLLARS and SAFETY"

pamphlet, describing the advantages of a great bank, and the broad basis of the contest which closes July 4th.

This pamphlet gives the facts which will enable you to write a proper slogan, it tells you the kind of a slogan we want, and the kind we do not want.

The Judges of the contest will be Messrs. Henry W. Kiel, Mayor of St. Louis; M. L. Wilkinson, President Retail Merchants' Association; J. O. Ballard, President Merchants' Exchange, and John G. Lonsdale, President National Bank of Commerce. Merit alone will govern their decision—the best slogan wins.

Member Advertising Club of St. Louis.

The Problem Solved
"Where to Go
To-night."

"CICARDI'S"

HIGH CLASS ENTERTAINMENT EVERY NIGHT

Under Cover and
Open Air
WINTER GARDEN
A. J. CICARDI

The steel trade has noted with great interest the intimations from informed sources that the government in its next purchases of copper will pay substantially the market price, instead of exacting the sweeping concessions recently made. The decision is most significant. Wages based on sliding-scale agreements are involved, as is also the prosperity of industries which it is proposed to tax heavily for war purposes. That plans are shaping up for purchases of iron and steel, copper, spelter, and all other metals by the United States Government and the Entente Allies in combination is the forthcoming fact in the situation to-day. That will mean that the industries involved will not be sacrificed, and that the government, in putting itself alongside its allies, will be willing to pay prices which will maintain and not disturb the present conditions of its leading industries." Further on, the same authority dwells on new advances in the prices of steel products, and on purchases of pig iron for 1918 purposes. It also reminds us of some difficulties in regard to imports of ferromanganese from England, and Washington conferences in connection therewith. Domestic pig-iron production in April aggregated 3,334,900 tons, against 3,251,352 in March. For April, 1916, the record stood at 3,227,768 tons. The highest output on record was that of last October—3,508,849 tons.

Money rates indicate further advances. For six-months, charges now range from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. They were 3 to $3\frac{1}{4}$ some months since. Stock exchange loans on call are quoted at $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent. The minimum in the first two months of the year was $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. The weekly statement of the New York banks and trust companies constituting the clearing-house reveals another substantial falling off in the excess reserves—one of \$21,164,000. The total is placed at \$90,478,000, which represents the lowest record so far in 1917. Absolute maximum, attained in 1915, was over \$220,000,000. In existing peculiar circumstances, radical changes in important details of weekly exhibits are unavoidable. No material alterations can be noted in rates for foreign bills of exchange. Russian rubles have fallen to 27.60—a new minimum. The marked weakness of bills on Petrograd reflects the uneasiness in financial circles in New York and London relative to political conditions and prospects in the Russian empire. Judging by Associated Press dispatches, the demand for peace is strong and growing in that country. Much attention is bestowed in Wall street on the German submarine peril, but it is doubtful if it can be regarded as an important factor in depressive operations.

The *Bond Buyer* informs us that the sum total of new state and municipal bonds, issued in April, was \$54,246,210, against \$82,784,283 in the like month in 1916, and \$27,096,703 in 1915. For the four months ended April 30, the total amounts to \$157,898,969, against \$205,285,781 for the corresponding period in 1916. The record in 1915 was \$206,214,201. Some weeks ago, the prices for municipal bond issues were considerably weakened by hints that congress intended to make such securities taxable in

order to increase the attractiveness of United States Government bonds. Legal oracles immediately pointed out, however, that congress had no legal power to pass such legislation. The grand total of new private corporation financing last month is placed at \$130,141,500 by the *Journal of Commerce*, against \$221,598,000 for the like month in 1916; the apparent decrease is \$91,457,000. For the four completed months of the year, the sum total stands at \$838,712,300, against \$992,576,800, indicating a contraction of \$153,864,500.

Several prominent railroad systems submitted disappointing reports lately. The Reading reported a decrease of nearly \$800,000 in surplus earnings for March. The Missouri, K. & Texas statement disclosed a deficit of \$130,105, after charges, in spite of a \$500,000 increase in gross. Pennsylvania Railroad returns showed a gross gain of \$4,600,000, but a net loss of \$973,000. The Atchison proved a striking exception by reporting material improvement both in gross and net returns. For the twelve months ending June 30, 1917, this company is likely to show at least \$15 earned on its outstanding common stock, against \$12.50 for 1915-16. Shareholders still get only \$6 per annum, though they have been clamoring for a higher rate ever since July 1, 1915. President Ripley is pursuing the even tenor of his prudent way. He has been strangely silent for some time. He falls into loquacious moods only in periods of lean earnings and bold attempts of the commerce commission to introduce new rules of regulation or startlingly reduced rates. However, he is a man of parts; he has built up a splendid property.

✦

Finance in St. Louis

It was a quiet, monotonous state of affairs on the local stock exchange. There was no lively demand for anything. Continued liquidation of a cautious kind occasioned further modest depreciation in a few quarters. It did not go beyond a point or two, and was not regarded with distrust or dismay. Capitalistic parties are getting ready for the big government loans, which afford them opportunities to put their treasures into things that tax assessors cannot lawfully include in their schedules. A similar course of preparatory procedure is clearly noticeable in New York. We have entered a period which will see an extraordinary shifting of investments and general wealth all over the country. Local money rates are slowly stiffening, in sympathy with rising tendencies in the Eastern markets for call and time funds.

Street railway issues were relatively active in the past week. Eight thousand dollars of St. Louis & Suburban general 5s changed hands at 71 to 71.25. These are the lowest prices for quite a while. Last year's top notch was $79\frac{1}{2}$; the minimum, $72\frac{3}{4}$. The company's first mortgage 5s remained unchanged at 100.50. No transfers were recorded. The 4 per cent bonds of the United Railways Co. were fairly steady, with a few small sales at 60.50; three hundred and five shares of the preferred stock brought 19—the previous price. The common stock continued in neglect.

The quotations for banking shares were



Here's a Universal Service for You!

Your nation needs you and your President asks that you do your part. Individual thrift makes a nation mighty.

That's one way you can help your country; at the same time helping yourself.

Every holder of a Mercantile Savings Account Book is a factor of national strength.

Every dollar now placed in Savings means the conservation of national resources at the very time it is most needed.

So you can take patriotic pride in joining the Army of Holders of Mercantile Savings Accounts.



Mercantile Trust Company

Eighth and Locust Streets

Member Federal Reserve System—U. S. Government Protection



BROADWAY AND OLIVE STREET

We have every facility for the proper handling of current, saving and certificate of deposit accounts. We buy and sell foreign exchange and rent safe deposit boxes.

Organized in 1847, we have withstood every financial crisis of over half a century, including the period of the Civil War.

We solicit accounts of individuals, societies, firms, and corporations. Correspondence and interviews invited.

OFFICERS

Edwards Whitaker, President.
Murray Carleton, Vice-President. Julius W. Reinholdt, V.-P. & Cashier.
Wm. H. Thomson, Vice-President. Edgar L. Taylor, Assistant Cashier.
Clarence R. Laws, Vice-President. Leroy C. Bryan, Assistant Cashier.

Offices for Rent in Syndicate Trust and Century Buildings

The Best Equipped and Best Located Offices in the City

E. A. KENNEDY, Manager, Suite 908 Syndicate Trust Building

Telephones: Main 1735, Central 377-R

BOOKS

All the late Cloth and Paper Bound Books can be found at :

Roeder's Book Store
703 Locust Street

maintained at or close to the levels of the previous week. Ten Mercantile Trust brought 358; ten Mechanics-American National, 250; thirty-eight St. Louis Union Trust, 352.50 and 353; twenty Title Guaranty Trust, 100, and twenty Bank of Commerce, 111.50 to 111.75. The last-named stock sold at 117.50 in January, after a fall to 93.50 in 1916. German Savings Institution still is quoted at 200, or at a price recorded in numerous transactions in these shares in the last two or three months.

International Shoe common, which sold at 105 four months ago, can now be bought at 99 to 99.50. The latest transfers comprised nearly one hundred and fifty shares. More than two hundred shares of National Candy common were taken at 24.50 to 25.25; fifteen Rice-Stix D. G. second preferred, at 103; twenty-five Wagner Electric at 189; fifty Chicago Railway Equipment at 108; ten St. Louis Cotton Compress at 40; fifty Union Sand & Material at 82, and thirty-seven Central Coal & Coke common at 58.



Latest Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
German Savings Inst.....	200	
Mechanics-Am. National.....	250	
Nat. Bank of Commerce.....	111 1/2	114
Third National Bank.....	245	
St. Louis Union Trust.....	351	353
United Railways com.....		6 1/2
do pfd.....	18	19
do 4s.....	60	60 1/2
St. L. & Sub. 1st 5s.....		99 1/2
E. St. L. & Sub. 5s.....		86 1/2
A. G. & St. L. 5s.....		77
Laclede Gas pfd.....		99
K. C. Home Tel. 5s (\$100)	94	
Certain-teed com.....	41 1/4	44
do 2d.....	85	
Missouri Edison 5s.....		99 1/2
Union Sand and Material		82 1/4
Ely & Walker 1st pfd.....		108
do 2d pfd.....	87 1/2	
International Shoe com.....	99	99 1/2
do pfd.....	112	113
Rice-Stix 1st.....	112 1/2	115 1/2
Hydraulic P. Brk. pfd.....		18 1/2
Hamilton-Brown.....		137
Cob. Acid com.....		183
St. L. Brewing Assn. 6s.....		69 1/4
National Candy com.....	22	22 3/4
Wagner Electric.....		189



New Books Received

Orders for any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price, with postage added, when necessary. Address, REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

MY REMINISCENCES by Rabindranath Tagore. New York: MacMillan; \$1.50.

A record of states of mind even more than of circumstance, with consequent astute revelation of character; also a most interesting commentary upon the poet's own poetry, drama and criticism.

WAR FLAMES by John Curtis Underwood. New York: MacMillan; \$1.35.

A free verse panorama of the war, with the selections grouped by nations.

SOME IMAGIST POETS—1917. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin; 75c.

This year's anthology presents Richard Aldington, H. D., John Gould Fletcher, F. S. Flint, D. H. Lawrence and Amy Lowell.

BREACHES OF ANGLO-AMERICAN TREATIES by John Bigelow. New York: Sturgis & Walton; \$1.50.

A study of history and diplomacy by a United States major. It deals with the treaty relation between America and England and sets forth and discusses what might be regarded as infractions by either party.

The Diary of an Expectant Mother

touches every phase of that mysterious experience in a woman's life just before her baby is born, her mystery of soul, her anguish of body, her apprehension of mind, her bitter suffering and her exquisite joy; her concern about diet, exercise, doctors, nurses, hospitals, and dollars and cents. It is an autobiography of the supreme period in a woman's life, told without reserve, yet with delicacy and modesty. 12mo. \$1.25.

For Sale at all Bookstores

A. C. McClurg & Co.
Publishers

OPEN BOATS by Alfred Noyes. New York: Stokes, 50c.

An account of the grim U-boat tragedies gleaned from interviews with survivors and from reports of the British Admiralty. With incidental poems.

THE RUSSIANS: AN INTERPRETATION by Richardson Wright. New York: Stokes; \$1.50.

The author has served as correspondent for the New York "World" and the London "Express" in Siberia and Manchuria. In this book he writes of Russia and the Russians—their home life, business, recreation, religion, government, temperament, antecedents, Russian art, literature and commerce.

CREATIVE CRITICISM by J. E. Spingarn. New York: Henry Holt; \$1.20.

Four essays: the first is a statement of the new freedom in the criticism of literature and art; the second applies this body of theory to the drama; the third applies it to vers libre, and the fourth deals with the fine arts and with the ideal of "creative collecting."

LITERATURE IN THE MAKING by Joyce Kilmer. New York: Harper; \$1.40.

A symposium of opinions by many American writers on the present tendencies in our literature and the possibilities of their development in the future, interestingly presented by Joyce Kilmer, himself not unimportant as a writer of fine prose and verse. Such writers as Howells, Tarkington, Rex Beach, E. S. Martin, Guiterman, McCutcheon, Robert Herrick and Amy Lowell are represented.

THE PUBLIC DEFENDER by Mayer C. Goldman. New York: Putnam; \$1.00.

A plan for supplying one of the greatest needs of American criminal law, whereby a square deal and a fair hearing may be promptly had for every person accused of crime, with a foreword by Justice Wesley O. Howard of the New York supreme court.

THE HUNDRETH CHANCE by E. M. Dell. New York: Putnam; \$1.50.

Another novel of a masterful man and a meek yet stubborn maid, by the author of "The Way of an Eagle." Frontispiece in colors.

HIS FAMILY by Ernest Poole. New York: MacMillan; \$1.50.

A serious novel picturing the growth of a new generation out of the embers of the old in the ceaselessly changing heart of New York, touching some of the most vital problems of our modern way of living—home, motherhood, children, school. By the author of that big novel—up to its propaganda chapters—"The Harbor."



When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

A Safe 7% Stock for Our Customers Only

We want a large number of our customers to become our active partners.

We therefore offer, **TO OUR CUSTOMERS ONLY**, 5,000 \$100 shares of Union Electric 7% preferred stock—at par for cash; at 102 on time payments.

Union Electric has authorized an issue of \$8,040,000 of 7% preferred stock to provide funds for future extensions of the business. Of this amount \$1,000,000 has now been issued, with the approval of the Public Service Commission of Missouri. From the remainder, additional issues will be made from time to time, the Commission approving, as funds are needed for further extensions. The \$500,000 here offered is one-half of the total (\$1,000,000) now issued and outstanding. Union Electric has no other preferred stock. The balance is common stock on which earnings apply only after the 7% dividend has been paid on all preferred stock.

Terms of sale

- (a), for cash at the Company's sales offices at \$100 a share, to earn 7%.
- (b), on a 10-payment installment plan at \$102 a share, to earn 6.86%.

Installments to be paid monthly—\$10.20 on each share—with Electric Service bills.

The Company to pay buyers of stock 5% interest, credited quarterly on the first day of January, April, July and October, on installment payments.

Buyers to have the option to withdraw all installments paid, with interest credited, on 10 days' notice, any time before full amount has been paid.

Stock certificate to be issued to buyer when final payment is made.

OFFER LIMITED TO OUR CUSTOMERS ONLY.

Not more than 20 shares to be sold to any customer.

This stock has the same voting power as the Company's common stock. It is preferred as to dividends and distribution of assets. It is redeemable by the Company at 105. Preference as to dividends is not cumulative.

The physical value of the Company's property far exceeds the outstanding bonds and preferred stock.

For each of the last ten years the Company's net earnings applicable to dividends, after paying all bond interest, have been many times the \$70,000 required to pay 7% on its outstanding preferred stock.

Owing to its progressive and liberal policy, the Company's business is rapidly and healthfully growing.

THE COMPANY'S SECURITIES ARE NOT "WATERED," AND UNDER STATE REGULATION NEVER CAN BE.

This 7% preferred has therefore virtually the security of a good bond, with the higher earning power of a good stock.

This offer seems likely to be soon over-subscribed. The rule is: First come, first served. If you are a customer, and want a part of the lot, up to 20 shares, your subscription will be accepted at once.

The Electric Company

UNION ELECTRIC: Main Office 12th and Locust
Branches: 4912 Delmar; 3028 N. Grand; 3012 S. Grand
SIX OFFICES IN THE COUNTY